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VOLUME XXIX.

EBENSBURG, PA., NOVEMBER 22, 1895.

NUMBER 46. vidual interest must be paid for as advertisments.

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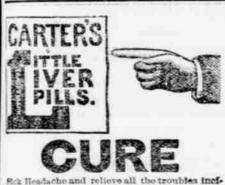
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No. 4246 Fifth Avenue, estores to them all their powers, mental and stray merchant or two aired their send for pumphist giving full informaher father

ing, and it wasn't long seeing the course the straw took.

overalled, and an angle to his pistol that made him a joy.

up there in '52. Naturally, he lost opportunities, not being right on the spot,

and the danger began. to bad but for those two lidless eyes

n front. "One fatal night Shorty Stokes rode into the settlement-but I am getting bend of affairs."

Bill tossed his cigar into the tules,

"The girl carried herself after the fashion of high steppers, and neither fellow could swear where he stood. It was laughter and spirit for both of them, they said, and nip and tuck for the yielding. The pace was the sort that exhausts men, and Shorty's brain for lawyering cooked up a scheme for his rescue. He was for their going together some night before her, and, after formal marriage proposal, each argue his claim and fitness for ten minutes

stand by her decision. wouldn't consent until he saw the and they swore with their fists in each other's to carry the thing through to night at eight, and they drank to it

with gall in the cup. had already struck eight when Stokes

the porch, and from the shadow of the steps he saw the something that in all the world he couldn't bear to see-Emory crossing the room to take Grace Blanchard in his arms; Emory with passion paling his face and Grace Blanchard in the beauty of a disturb-

ing humility. "He cursed as he watched them cling to each other, and he cursed his way

back to the saloons and his Mariposa

mining. "The next day he turned up again in the settlement, with liquor enough aboard to put a wheel in his head, and, after a losing fling at the tables, he started to find Emory.
"After a little ineffectual riding, he

leaped from the back of his vicious-eyed piebald at the corner that bulged thickest with saloons, and stood close to the stirrup with his hand on his hip. Some one who noticed him said his face had the steely intensity of a razor edge. "Then out of the crowd, unconscious, with the music of love in his heart,

swung Ned Emory. His hat was pushed back on his fair hair, and he was whistling the overflow out of his veins. "In one instant a bullet rang through the air, followed by another. Emory

fell in his own blood, and a horseman was riding off wildly and safe through the shower of bullets that rained around him. Every man with a cayuse tore in pursuit, but they only brought back eight half-dead horses. Stokes had staked relay beasts at different points along the road, and was then safe in the chaparral canyons toward the north. "The gambling dens choked up with

the crowds; gold dust was heaped on gold dust for the reward of the cowardly hound's capture. Murders weren't rare then, but there was only one Ned Emory, remember.

"Four of us wouldn't drop the search. We let the blood-money men get out of the way, and then we worked as we'd toil for only our own.

"There was scarcely no scent to follow, for Stokes had bribed the greasers who furnished his horses; but we forced our way along on nothing. Day and night we rode with our eyes open, sometimes bullying and sometimes begging. It began to seem hopeless. The days were running into summer again.

"One afternoon, toward twilight, we rested on the crest of a mountain where the path took a sudden turn away from a two-hundred-foot precipice. "We were torn with the snapping

branches of the greasewood, and full of extremest dirt and disgust. Suddenly we heard the rustle of a step on the fallen leaves. Under a live oak, not thirty yards away, on the very edge of the cliff, stood Shorty Stokes. He had not heard us, and he stood looking at the moon which hung a sickle in the hot sky. The evening star was showing.

"The four of us were like stones. He could have got to Guinea before motion'd have come to us. Then, simultaneously with our steps forward, he turned and looked into our faces. "It was a moment to test the nerve

of any man. He stood it as we were used to seeing him face all things. " 'I suppose I'm the man you're after,' he said. "He said it with the dignity of a

parson. "In a second he had thrown down his pistols. He unsheathed his knives and dropped them to the ground.

" 'Take me,' he said. "Four of us looked into the unflinch ing clearness of his eyes. As we hesitated, he spoke again. "'Listen. It is not in excuse that I

speak, nor in weakening. It is to tell you that those among you who are men will follow my steps under like circumstances. "'Emory gave me his hand and his

oath, in the manner of his frankness, to stand by an arranged agreement. "'We were to meet at eight o'clock on that Sunday night. A-a beautifully good woman was to decide on our argument which man she would marry In riding to meet my engagement happened on an accident. Within half a mile of the settlement, close onto time, my piebald went back on his haunches and the groan of a man came up from the roadside. I found an over loaded miner, hurt in the leg, and the hope in my own heart aroused my sympathy. I mounted the man on my beast and headed him back toward camp.

"'Walk as I never walk, I reached the meeting place three minutes late. Ah-God-out in the darkness I saw Emory taking advantage of the delay.

"'None of you is so much a cur as to let the life run in a man who, under his honor, couldn't yield a rival three minutes' grace.

" 'But, with the camp against me and Emory the friend of the sorriest, I couldn't face the music when the justice was done. "'It is not mercy I ask. It is life

hereafter. Come.' "With a common impulse we started forward, only to halt in a frozen horror as Stokes' broncho threw up his head in alarm to watch with us the backward somersaulting of his master's body over the precipice.

"Though there was but one verdict. even Chase said as we rode down over the mountain that night: 'Emory might have given Shorty a few minutes' grace.' "-The Black Cat.

TO COOK VEGETABLES.

FRIED OKRA. -Cut it lengthways, salt and pepper it, roll it in flour, and fry in plenty of lard or butter. OKRA FRITTERS -Boil the okra, and eut in small pieces, make a batter as

for batter caker, put the okra in and fry in plenty of lard. BAKED CORN.—Three pints of scraped corn, one cup of cream, one tablespoonful of butter, pepper and salt to taste. Bake one hour; stir it occasionally. FRIED CELERY .- Wash and cut in

pieces several stalks of celery. Put two ounces of butter in a frying pan, let heat; put in the celery and fry brown; sprinkle with salt. CORN FRITTERS.—Cut the corn from five or six ears of corn. Break one egg in it and pepper and salt to suit the

taste; mix; drop from a large spoon into a frying pan with hot butter in it. Fry on both sides to a rich brown. FRIED CARBAGE .- One head of cabbage chopped fine; one cup of good bacon, one pint of boiling water, one half teaspoonful of soda, two teaspoonfuls sugar, one-half pod of red pepper

salt to taste. Fry in a skillet, stirring occasionally. SMOTHERED CABBAGE.—Cut two slices of bacon and fry. Cut up a head of where the meat was fried. Pour on a very little water and season with pepstand fifteen or twenty minutes. -

THE FATE OF JIBSON.

the Push.

a black cravat.

He had made up his mind never to marry, and had surrounded himself with a small circle of select friends as quiet and proper as himself. The years went by, and the rattle of

of rugged hills.

tribes of the Ohio valley. Traces of

their occupancy still remain. The

campfires and their implements of war

with his plowshare. And, on a hill

overlooking the river not far from its

mouth, are the graves of many of the

Most of the traditions have long since

been forgotten, but one concerning

this spot is still preserved. Once in the

early days of the white settlement, a

large party of Indians came into the

valley to hunt, and one night encamped

on Indian hill. That night a band of

unprincipled white men fell upon their

unguarded camp, and massacred the

entire party. Not one escaped to tell

the story of the murder. The chief, a

warrior, who had always shown great

friendship for the whites, was taken

mortally wounded before the leader of

the attacking party. With the dignity

of his race, he raised his head, and

looked with scorn into the faces of his

captors. Then with his last breath, he

invoked a curse upon each of them-a

So goes the legend. There remains

to prove its truth the hill, whose stony

soil stubbornly refuses to yield any

eron but desolate patches of broomsedge

and a few stunted cedar shrubs-the

effect of the curse, the country people

say. The same authorities tell us that

there on stormy nights the old chief may

be seen walking among the graves of

his warriors. And he who sees the

ghostly sentinel is sure soon to meet

The owner of the soil of this historic

spot was a wealthy farmer named Ford.

His title deeds covered many acres of

fertile valley and valuable forest land.

Since the death of her mother, a few

years before, she had been practically

her own mistress, for her father never

death by violence.

with some misfortune.

-his daughter Winnie.

the heiress of the Ford acres.

the bicycle was heard in the land. The roller-skating craze was as naught. Jibson and his friends smile superciliously. The young, the old, the grave, the gay, all took to the pneumatic tire. But Jibson and his friends held aloof. "It will pass," they said, "like the

place of the tried and true Tom Collins, was tempted, and fell.

Word reached the ears of Jibson that Naylor had been seen scooting up the boulevard in knee pants and sweater, with his eye fastened on the cyclometer on the front axle of his high-grade roadster. Jibson shuddered, and from that on Naylor was to him as one dead. Topper was the next to go. Topper lived out of town, and there were such fine roads, and he had a chance to get a beauty of a wheel at a bargain, etc., etc.

Jibson. Jibson regarded him as one who had done him a wrong that could perhaps be forgiven; but to forgetah! that was another thing. Bilson was the next to fall-Bilson,

the fever hard, and had a massive, runs out to Patchogue. This was the last straw; and, sobbing like a child, Jibson was led away

to where they guaranteed to teach you tude.-Puck.

DR. PATTON'S ORTHODOXY. Genesis I. as a Charcoal Sketch of What Might Have Been.

Joseph H. Choate tells a good story of Dr. Patton, who several years since paid a visit to Dr. Henry M. Field, in Stockbridge, Mass., where Mr. Choate has his summer home. Wishing to bring the two distinguished men together, Dr. Field invited his neighbor to dine with the president of Princeton. They seemed to enjoy each other greatly, and Mr. Choate afterward expressed his pleasure in meeting a man of such keen intellect, and was especially gratified, though a little surprised, at his very liberal views. The theory of evolution, which had frightened so many orthodox people, he looked at purely from a scientific point of view, and thought it quite harmless, as having no bearing on religious faith. "And how," said Mr. Choate, "do you interpret the first chapter of Genesis?" This did not disturb the composure of the accoinplished theologian, who answered without a moment's hesitation: "We look upon that as a sort of charcoal sketch of what might have been." The phrase is a little unguarded, and if uttered by Prof. Briggs might have been considered as speaking lightly of sacred things, but Dr. Patton is a great master of dialectics, and can doubtless reconcile it with the most rigid orthodoxy. - N. Y. Tribune.

All Gone. shall be."

too."-N. Y. Recorder.

A Way to Tell Him.

A Philadelphia lawver was seated man; he ought to be incorporated."

LEGEND OF INDIAN HILL. BY JESSIE M. TRESHAM.

There is no more picturesque region in the state of West Virginia than that through which flows the little stream known as Indian river. Its valley is green and fertile, broadening as the stream approaches its outlet, the frees herself with a wrench. mighty Ohio, and hemmed in by chains

"Leave me," she says, unsteadily; why do you come, now that it is too The stream derives its name from the late? You must go. Good-by." She fact that, prior to the time of the first holds out her hand in dismissal and white settlers, this valley was a favorfarewell. ite hunting ground of many Indian

row stricken. farmer yet upturns the ashes of their

"I will not go," he cries, vehemently; "Ruth, you do not, you cannot mean For your own sake-" He advances quickly, but she repels him.

And then he knows that all is ended. With one farewell look he leaves her. and goes out of the room, while she sinks wearily into her chair, a dull, aching pain tearing at her heartstrings.

Time slips by insensibly. A new beauty has csurped Lady Berrington's position in society, from which she has now withdrawn herself. Her husband is dead-killed himself in the hunting field-and she is free to come and go as she will. The great town is shuttered and empty, and she has flown to the restful quietude of Pens court, the home of her childhood, which she has bought back as a home for herself in her lonely widowhood. Then wild hopes fill her heart. Now that he knows she is really free, Maurice will surely come to her-he must know. These hopes are strengthened when, at a dinner party, she hears the familiar name mentioned. He is coming to stay with some distant neighbors-ah! it is to be near her he is coming at last. As each day passes she waits feverishly for his coming; and still be comes not. As each long summer day wanes she whispers: "To-morrow he will come," and o-morrow passes, and still he comes not. Then, one evening, as she sits peacefully under the cedar trees on the green lawns, resting in the cool evenng air. Inil of sweet, faint perfume from the glowing flower beds on the velvety turf, a maid appears from the

my lady," she says. "He ga

Ruth, with a wild hope, rises slowly and walks over the lawn, her black dress sweeping over the grass, her pale cheeks tinged with a pink color as she nounts the shallow steps and enters the cool, shadowy room, full of flowers and delicious perfumes wafted in on the evening air.

the soft carpet be turns and faces her. A quivering smile flashes into her sweet gray eyes, and she holds out both hands with a little glad cry: "Ah. Maurice! At last, at last!"

"I could not pass your neighborhood his ardor in the least. Besides, Bob vithout looking you up, Lady Berringwas encouraged by the knowledge that on," he says, easily. "How lovely this place is! Are you living here alto-Mr. Ford favored his suit. For the farmer, having in mind the consolidagether? Ruth feels her throat and lips are

> with an effort. "Yes; I could not endure that dreary own house-after-"Yes, yes," he says, hastily; "after

our terrible bereavement; you are for unate to have been able to secure the old place in time; I am paying a flying ting that she would consult her own invisit to the Carews, at Marsh hall; you So Bob called at the farmhouse to be know them, of course!" "Very slightly—then—you do not received by the farmer with the utmost

> Not long. There are many preparations to be made before April (with a mile), before my wedding-you have not heard? Juliet Carew will be my wife in a few months' time; may I ask or your congratulations for 'auld lang The blood rushes with a wild flood to

Ruth's heart, leaving her sick and coldeverything swims before her tired eyes she must speak. * * * She makes on effort. "I hope-I sincerely trust-you may

be happy," she says, a little unsteadily; 'I must call on Miss Carew. "You are very kind," he says, with his happy smile. "How familiar this dace seems. Our days of flirtation are at an end, Lady Berrington; ah. one

youth, but you showed yourself to be a vise woman. Ruth smiles. Has he forgotten all-? "Ye " she says with bitterness: "we

loes foolish things in the heyday of

ook back with contemptuous pity on such follies in maturer years." When he is gone she stands on the

terrace in the deepening twilight, the cool, soft air fanning her hot, flushed cheeks; the fern owl in the distance with its curious whir-r-r, alone breaks the stillness; a bat flaps heavily overhead; a belated bee booms past, hurrying homeward. Then she goes slowly wearily into the old familiar room; a sharp, sudden pain clutches her heart. she catches blindly at the mantelpiece. an ashen grayness overspreading the lovely face. With a little gasping cry she falls prone to the ground; blood Mr. Ford was not entirely blind, and rushes to her lips and stains the deliat last spoke to Winnie, intending to cate lace on her bosom. * * * A chill moaning wind sweeps around the louse, dying away in the distance with a wild sobbing wail, as of a soul n mortal agony passing through the iery furnace of affliction

The doctor says: "Failure of the heart's action and hemorrhage," but does science always fathom such mysteries? Does it take into account broken hearts? Perhaps not.-St. Paul's.

ABOUT THE CHURCHES. THE Bundes Conference der Mon

noniten Brueder-Gemeinde have 1,388 members and eleven churches. THE Schwenkfeldians have four soieties and 306 members. They own six churches, valued at \$12,200. THE African Methodist Episcopal

church has 452,725 members and \$6,468, 280 worth of church property. THE Ethical Culturists have 1.004

members and four societies. They worship in five halls, seating 5,260 people. The Reformed Presbyterian (synod) has 10,574 members and owns church property valued at \$1,071,400.

THE Plymouth Brethren in the United States number 2,279. They have 108 the good gray steeds. halls, seating 7,423 persons.

EUROPEAN GOSSIP.

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JEAN DE RESZEE and Sims Reeves first appeared as baritones and Mario as a bass. Mme. Calve, who is a pupil of Mme. Laborde, and not of the Paris Conservatoire, was at first thought to be a contralto

ONE wing of the Hotel des Invalides is to be given up to the French department of war next January, and in time the navy department will also be moved into the building, the invalid veterans being provided for elsewhere.

Lecoco's opera bouffes have so far brought in 4,386,793 francs and 56 centimes in receipts in Paris. Of this sum "La Fille de Madame Angot" brought in 1,195,380 francs, "Le Petit Duc," 505,112 francs, and "Girofle-Girofla" 355,003 francs.

ARISTOPHANES' ECCLESIAZUSE, the congress of women, is to be given in a French translation at a Paris theater next winter. An adaptation of his Lysistrata, with Mme. Rejane in the cast, had a succes de scandale at the Eden theater a few days ago.

London's street names are a source of endless confusion. There are now 151 Church streets, 129 Union streets and 117 New streets. British loyalty is shown in 99 Queen. 95 King, and 78 Prince's streets, while royal names are borne by 119 John, 109 George, 91 Charles, 88 William, 87 James, and 57 Elizabeth streets.

Zor. a's school record has been hunted up by one of his admirers. He took first prizes for good conduct and for Latin throughout his course, and also prizes for religion during the years it was taught. In history and geography he began well, taking first prizes for the first two years, but ended with honorable mention only.

OVER two hundred and fifty of the trees in the famous orangerie of Versailles have perished during the last four years, including the Grand Bourbon, or "oranger du connetable," which dates from the sixteenth century, and the others are in bad condition. This is due, it is said, to their having been watered with a liquid containing injurious chemicals.

ELECTRICAL SPARKS.

A TEST for the porosity of porous cells consists in filling the cell with clean water and taking the per cent. of leakage. The correct amount of leakage is lifteen per cent. in twenty-four

lator. It is possible to exhaust a tube so perfectly that no electric machine can send a spark through the vacuous space, even when the space is only one centimeter. If the air had been as good a conductor of electricity as copper, says

Prof. Alfred Daniell, we would probably never have known anything about electricity, for our attention would never have been directed to any electrical phenomena. For resistance coils, for moderately heavy currents, hoop iron, bent zigzag shape, answers very well. One yard of hoop iron one-half inch wide and 1-32

ohm; consequently, 100 yards will be required to measure an ohm. THE voltage of a secondary battery must always be equal to or slightly in excess of the voltage of the lamp to be burned. For example, a twenty-volt lamp will require ten secondary cells, but ten cells will supply more than

inch thick measures about 1-100 of an

twenty lamps. Compression of air increases its dielectric strength. Cailletet found that dry air compressed to a pressure of forty or fifty atmospheres resisted the passage through it of a spark from a powerful induction coil, while the discharge points were only 0,05 centimeter

apart.-Scientific American. POPULAR SCIENCE.

Paris has established a municipal laboratory for bacteriology in the old Loban barracks, where analysis of suspected cases of diphtheria are made within twenty-four hours after the materials have been handed in.

A NEW lead for deep-sea sounding carries a cartridge which explodes on touching the bottom. A submerged microphone receives the sound, and the depth is estimated from the time occupied by the lead in sinking to the bot-

Accomping to Sir Robert Ball, a telegram sent at the usual rate would require seventy-eight years to reach the most distant telescopic stars. But the camera has revealed stars far more distant than these, some of which, if a message had been sent in the year A. D. 1-that is to say, 1895 years age -the message would only just have reached some of them, and would be still on the way to others.

ON THE PENSION ROLLS.

Ar the close of the last fiscal year there were 969,544 pensioners on the rolls of the pension bureau. Great Buitain contains 689 pension-

ers who receive every quarter checks from the United States treasury. SOUTH CAROLINA has not very many pensioners, there being only 1,668 residing within the limits of the Palmetto

Omo has the greatest number of pensioners-99,837; New York being second with 89,642; Pennsylvania being third

with 89,378. DURING the year 1894 28,070 pensioners died, while 1,333 had remarried, the total number dropped from the rolls from one or another cause being 37,-

A Clatter on the Stairs. A house in Cologne has two horses'

legend thereunto belonging being that a noble lady died of the plague and was hastily interred. The sexton noticed a costly ring on her finger, and went to the vault at night to rob the dead. But the lady was only in a

heads carved in wood affixed to it; the

trance, and the touch of the would-be thief aroused her. She arose from her coffin and found her way home, where her knocks aroused a servant, who rushed to tell his master who it was "Impossible!" said the husband, who does not seem to have been too charmed at the idea; "I would as soon believe my two gray horses should leave their stalls and mount the stairs." Behold! a clatter and a trampling! and the horses were climbing steadily upward to the garret! Convinced at last, the husband descended, found it was indeed his wife, and brought her in; and one hopes they were both grateful to

Shaving, Hair Cutting and Shamponing done in the nextest and best manner. A thare of your patronage solicited.

Wings that flutter in sunny air; Wings that dive and dip and dare; Wings of the humming bird flashing by; Wings of the lark in the purple sky; Wings of the eagle aloft, aloof; Wings of the pigeon upon the roof; Wing of the storm bird swift and free With wild winds sweeping across the sea-Often and often a voice in me sings— O, for the freedom, the freedom of wings!

O. to winnow the air with wings!), to float far above hurtful things! Things that weary and wear and fret-To touch in a moment the mountain's crest, Or haste to the vailey for home and rest, To rock with the pine tree as wild birds may, Po follow the sailor a summer's day, Over and over a voice in me sings—

), for the freedom, the freedom of wings! Softly responsive a voice in me sings-Thou hast the freedom, the freedom of wings. oon as the glass a second can count nto the beavens thy heart may mount, Hope may fly to the topmost peak, Lone its nest in the vale may seek; Jutspeeding the sailor Faith's pinions may 'ouch the ends of the earth in a summer's day. Softy responsive a voice in me sings— Faou hast the freedom, the freedom of wings

IN GOLD TIME.

-Mary F. Butts, in Youth's Companion.

BY ROBERTA LITTLEHALE.

He was straight, and grizzled, and keen of eye. He had worked, and fought, and gambled his way through the lawlessness and passion of the state's early life into the decency and uprightness of a successful contractor.

His name was Bill Bowen. As a civil engineer, I came more or less in contact with him, and rejoiced in the largeness of his mental mold, as well as in the business sense of security he let me enjoy. One summer's night we took a drive

bridge building, and the blistering hear of the day made us willing to lose our sleep for the more comfortable travelng by starlight. The horses jogged lazily through the coarse, thick dust on the river's levee, end the insects from the grain fields and the frogs from the sloughs had

things wholly to themselves until Bill

"Mrs, Chase is pretty enough yet to

understand why she sent two fellows to

to a distant town on the San Joaquin

river. We were to look at stone for a

the devil, isn't she?" "What are you talking about?" I answered. "Oh," said Bill, pulling himself up, "I forgot you didn't struggle with the rest

of us through those groggy days."

I knew Bill well enough to let him re-

lapse just so many minutes; then I said:

suddenly interrupted:

Judge Chase's wife is lovelier at sixty than most girls at sixteen, but I hadn't any idea she figured so romantically in the early days as to send anybody overboard."

"H'm," replied Bill, reflectively. The horses traveled on without attention, and I waited in patience. "You know what it was like," he be gan at last. "Men with guns from all over the union and gold the heaven we sweated for. Prayers, and court, and the gambling tables all running under one roof, and nary a woman's face showing up in the mass to give us courage. To be sure, there were vixenish ribs o' Satan who robbed, and killed, and drank with the worst of us; but until 31 we'd never the woman for reverence. Then, by degrees, the lawyers and a

families, but things wasn't dizzy till pretty Grace Blanchard got out with "Understand, she carried herself as she'd ought to; but, understand, there was men among us as was born and bred to live with blood. The mass of us had to take out our satisfaction in looking at her; but for two the favor in old Blanchard's eyes was easy read-

"Ned Emory was a long, lean, blond fellow, with a blamed fine face and a way that made friends of the toughest. They said he looked a swell when he called at the Blanchard's, but I never saw him but like the rest of us-red-shirted and

"George Stokes-'Shorty,' we called him-was a man with an answer that ripped like a knife and a head that made success of everything because it ould work crooked as well as straight. lle'd been on the bench, but he'd located vein at Mariposa, and was overseeing

"The Blanchard house was swelled larger than most of the cabins, and had two long windows that opened onto a porch. Things might never have been

and hurried the horses into effort as the interest of his reminiscence swept him on.

by the clock, their honor at stake to "It got about afterwards that Emory devil to pay in Shorty's earnestness, the finish. The date and hour were arranged for the following Sunday

"When the evening came the clock "The lights from the room fell over

> cabbage fine and put it in the dish per and salt. Cover it tight and let it Farm, Field and Fireside.

He Held Out Nobly, But Finally Joines

Jibson was the beau ideal of a gentleman of the old school. Not that Jibson was old. But he went in for all that was conservative and proper, stood upon his dignity, dressed quietly and correctly and always wore

pigs-in-clover puzzle and the riddle of the white horse and the maid with auburn hair." And when they saw stoopshouldered men gathered in groups in places they resorted to, and heard them talk of "centuries" and "sprockets," of "high gear" and "ball bearings," they stepped aside in the calm dignity of their indifference. But a break come. Naylor, his nearest friend, a fine, old, grayhaired gentleman who had looked askance at the coming in of the Remsen Cooler in the

But his apologies were unheeded by

who weighed four hundred pounds, and whom any man would have deemed beyond temptation! But Bilson took special bicycle made for himself at a vast expense, by the Eagle iron works of Paterson, and in a week was making

to ride in three lessons, and sell high grade wheels on easy terms. Jibson is of the stuff that martyrs are made of; but to be the only man on earth in 1895 who did not ride a wheel was too much even for his cast-iron forti-

One by one the guests had said farewell, and now the house seemed enveloped in a deep stillness. The newly wedded pair were very happy. After nineteen years of deferred hopes they were at last one. Far away from the turmoil of city life they had prepared a hacienda for themselves. Hither they had come on this happy night with minister, hired girl and a host of friends. Now it was all over and the last trolley car was humming down the valley toward the radroad station. "Have they all gone?" he asked, in loving tones, throwing his arms about her slender waist and covering her face with kisses. "Yes, dear, I think they have all gone," she replied, tenderly. "Then, love, you had better explain to

the hired girl at once what her duties The beautiful woman swept majestically from the room. Then a mighty scream rent the atmosphere. "What is it, love?" he exclaimed, rushing excitedly into the kitchen. "Haven't they all gone?" "Yes, yes, sweetness," she replied, and between her sobs she added, "and the hired girl has gone,

When the wife of the late Sir Bartle Frere had to meet him at the railway station, she took with her a servant who had never seen his master. "You must go and look for Sir Bartle," she ordered. "But," answered the nonplused servant, "how shall I know him?" "Oh," said Lady Frere, "look for a tall gentleman helping somebody." The description was sufficient for the quick-witted man. He went and found Sir Bartle Frere helping an old lady out of a railway carriage, and knew him at once by the description .-N. Y. Post.

with a group of friends the other day discussing the leading topics of the day. One of the men present, Mr. Canby, persisted in monopolizing more than his share of the conversation, and his views did not at all accord with those of the lawyer. As the men separated, one of them said to the lawyer: "That Canby knows a good deal, doesn't he?" "Yes," replied the lawyer, "he knows entirely too much for one

mistake; my cowardice has brought you to this. My darling, you love me?" She does not move; a shiver runs

through her-a shiver of mortal agony. Ruth, speak! Tell me you love me! "You hurt me," she says, faintly, striving to free herself from his firm grasp. She raises her agonized eyes to his, and then she is clasped in his arms. For one instant she lies passive, then

His passion completely overmasters him as he looks upon her, pale and sor-

"For my own sake and yours, go-"

But he had one possession which was dearer to him than field and woodland "A gentleman in the drawing-room, Winnie was a pretty and rather spoiled young woman of eighteen.

crossed her will either concerning her own affairs or those of the household. It is not strange, therefore, that Miss Winnie was somewhat proud and willful. Many a country youth sadly realized this, and from a distance admired A man is standing with his back toward her, but as her dress sweeps over All but one; that one was Bobb Carr. the only son of a neighboring farmer.

whose land joined Mr. Ford's, and almost equaled it in extent. Bob was a tall and awkward youth of twenty Something in his unresponsive attione, with an incipient mustache and nde strikes a cold chill to her heart plenty of conceit. He was desperately in love with Winnie. The frequent has he forgotten? snubbings he received did not quench

tion of the two largest farms in the parched and dry, but she answers him valley really considered Bob a good match for his daughter. "See here," he said to her one day. "If that young Carr comes here to see you, I want you to treat him well. Do you hear?" "Yes," replied Winnie shortly, with a toss of her head indica-

cordiality and by his daughter with the most freezing coldness. But, confident of his ultimate success, he kept up his unwelcome attentions. That winter, the little school in the valley was taught by a young man named Ridley McKendrick. Ridley was an ambitious young fellow, striving to pay his way through college, after the fashion of so many successful men, by teaching. As Mr. Ford's house was

nearest the school, Ridley boarded

It was not long before he and Winnie became quite well acquainted. They discovered that their literary tastes were similar, and spent many of the long winter evenings reading and discussing some favorite novel or poem. Mr. Ford would sit by, and watch them sharply through his glasses. Often it occurred to him that it was not safe to allow this handsome young man to be with his daughter so much. But, he reassured himself, no harm could possibly come of it, so long as he was present, and their conversation.did not wander from the subject of books. Ah! Mr. Ford, you had forgotten

that a look may sometimes convey a meaning deeper than words, and that the young man could read the storied hero's words with such feeling and in such a tone that they became his own. Bob, who often dropped in of an evening, realizing something of this as he sat and listened, wished that he appreciated poetry, and that that confounded girl would be as agreeable to him as to the schoolmaster.

clinations.

"Seems to me you and the schoolmaster are getting to be pretty good friends over your reading?" "We are," said Winnie, raising such an innocent face to her father's gaze that he felt entirely disarmed. Not long after this the pupils of Ridley's school were challenged to a spelling match by the pupils of an adjoining district. In a country neighborhood where little happens in the way of entertainment, an event of this kind is hailed with interest, especially by the young people. Bob Carr heard of it, and went immediately to ask Winnie to accompany him to the spelling

reprimand her severely:

then, with a bitter smile, she lets the sleeve fall again, and turns toward the window. He starts to his feet, his handsome face dark with passion. "Ruth," he cries, scizing her hands in his, fiercely, "it was all a horrible

In order to propitiate her father

Winnie consented. Bob was lifted to a

but-" She breaks off abruptly, and,

with a sudden movement, pulls back

her loose-hanging sleeve, revealing an

ugly, livid bruise on the fair white arm;